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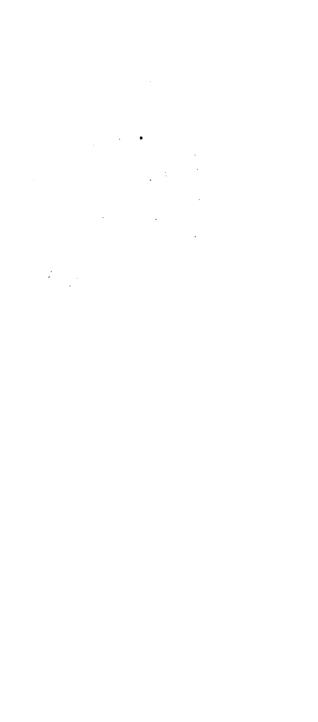
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REVIEW

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NEW-YORK,

OR.

RAMBLES THROUGH THE CITY.

ORIGINAL POEMS

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, SARCASTIC, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY TH: EATON.

Second Coition.

NEW-YORK:

RRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOTS,
NO. 17 CHATHAM-STREET.

1814.-



Bustrick of New-York, ss.

Be it Remembered that on the 11th day of Nove L. S. in the thirty-eighth Year of the Independence of United States of America, Theophilus Eaton, of said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words for ing to wit:

"Review of New-York; or Rambles through the Original Poems, Moral, Religious, Sarcastic and Detive. By Th: Eaton."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the U States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of I ing, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Bot the authors and proprietors of such Copies during the therein mentioned," and also, to an act, entitled, "supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the enagement of Learning, by securing the Copies of I Charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of Copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extet the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engravir Etching historical and other prints."

PHILIP SPENCER, June Clerk of the District of New-

PREFACE.

THESE Poems are intended chiefly for the amusement and information of such as are not acquainted intimately with the manwers and customs of this City; and are dictated by simplicity and unbiassed truth. They are entirely divested of slander and ill will, although they may, in some small degree, partake of a sarcastical nature.

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The virtuous become more zealous of good works, in proportion as their virtues become publicly known; and the vicious abstain from vice, in proportion as they become publicly exposed. It is under the impression of this truth, that the author has endeavoured to exhibit both vice and virtue in their true colours; and if in this, as perhaps in many other points, he has come short of his views, he pleads in excuse the peculiar embarrassments of his circumstances and situation.

The author is aware that the literati will object to the division he has made of his subject, and believes it would have consideration, that works of the obtain but a slight reading gene le it often happens, that the relation has time or inclination mere reto certain parts, he has take rty to silence propriety, by giving ject under a great variety of different distribution of the conceives they will be fait numerous.

REVIEW, &c.

SCRIPTIVE VIEW OF NEW-YORK.

B Lord supreme the basis laid r science, commerce, and for trade; d sent a wise and chosen race. build and beautify the place. ge fabrics rising into view, th shop or trade, and temples too. tray the enterprise and zeal s unulous projectors feel. either bay a street is laid, d commons into parks are made: nile num'rous shorter streets and lanes vide and check the bushy plain on the builder stops and views e rising village as it growse shores are fring'd with docks and slips d boast their sev'ral thousand ships,

With schooners, sloops, and brigs & And ev'ry kind of thing that floats, From ev'ry nation on the globe, That makes a pin, a book, or robe. And hear the village sheds her na And city bellows forth her fame: Now City signifies a den Of fools and knaves and honest me Or place of fraud and honest trad A den of folks of ev'ry grade. And hear the southern merchant his With fancy goods the place supplies While Ircland her grocers sends With rum to treat her Yankee frien And England, France and humbler V Send here to see what trade preva And try if any chance their be To undermine our liberty. A transatlantic pride they bring, With follies, fashions, every thing That taint the humble native's mind With evils new of ev'ry kind The city groans-and yet anon, Has virtues great to feast upon.

The may'r and body corporate, Confess the granduer of their state, And now to vie with Solomen, A costly scite is pitch'd upon To rear an edifice supurb. The pride of pompous kings to curb; For castles, palaces, and all, Compar'd with this are mean and small. Obedient to their command. Behold the wond'rous fabric stand! And this, with wise intent, they call In public ear, the "Fod'ral-Hall." For sure they did confederate. Wherewith to build, in masses great: And fed'ral too the dignity And pow'r, within its walls we see. A large extended park in front. Of eyes' attack must bear the brant: But in the rear, as though afraid; The Poor-House seems to hang her head: While snares on either side assail. Bridewell-on this, on that the Jail. What houndless wealth, and us'd how ill! Collected by inhuman will,

From needy folks and abject poor, Whose wants compel them to endure. Nay, do not start, ye rich and great, Ye men of pow'r, in bank and state--For we have equal rights, I'm told, To contemplate and to behold-Now let me ask, who owns the land Whereon your noble buildings stand? I'll answer too-the wealthy class. Who let no chance of winning pass. These call the poor to occupy, And never fail to charge them high Enough for taxes, wear and tare, With interest and carriage hire. And hence, it is the poor that grace. Support and ornament the place. And these, for debt, to jail must go,. To pay for all the good they do. And hence a jail is useful made. But useless else, or false parade: And Bridewell too-for who would ste That had no pressing wants to feel? A supposition here I'll bring, To some perhaps a novel thing;

The Fed'ral Hall two millions cost, Including jails and labour lost, Besides the int'rest on the show. For which, to jail the poor must go. Now mark what wretchedness they chain To those who unredress'd complain Of want of work, and little pay. And scanty living day by day. For with one hundred dollars each. United they might forward reach, To bus'ness good within their call, Till they were useful people all. If right I judge, two millions serve, Just twenty thousand to preserve, By giving dollars ten times ten To ev'ry poor and needy man. It were a little heav'n below, To see the rich such merev show-And never more should fashion be The awful seeming thing to me, Which now it is, if it would bring To practice such a noble thing. But wee is me-thus doom'd to see That such a thing will never be.

The poor may look in vain to find A regulation of this kind, While vice prevails and virtue droops. Or meckness to presumption stoops. And next the Theatre we view, With seen'ry laughable and new. To draw the ladies out for show. With gentlemen to play the beau. And draw, withal, their pockets dry, And chain their souls, I scarce know wh You must excuse my errors here, If any such to you appear, As I but rarely step or look Within this mighty mimic shop. But here, if I remember right. They talk and play, and laugh and figh And act such pranks, se simply rare. As makes all men of judgment stare. A stranger would do well to go, If he can spare a crown or so, To see and hear-and straight from them Go off, to show his better sense: And if he's wise, it were in vain To bid him ne'er go there again :

r fools alone go there to see iterated foolery. w leaving out the idle scene Gov'ment-house and Bowling-green, e southern Park, now Batt'ry call'd, e stone and turf with which it's wall'd. forts and guns and drinking-placeeastward Chatham-street we'll trace. t passing Tammany, we come ectly to the Museum. stately house, completely full mammoth bones, or bones of bull. th birds and beasts, and min'ral ore. d things that ne'er were known before. no mark of knave or fool, visit oft this nat'ral school. good and wise men have been in. l yet come out as wise again. : longer here we may not be, we have other things to see: I to observe how Chatham-street. suffer'd from the fire of late. ir sixty houses laid in dust, I this of cyils not the werst:

DESCRIPTIVE VIEW

For families two hundred more
Were robb'd of home in one short hour.
Alas! the fatal element,
Was first to man in kindness sent,
But, through misuse, like other things,
Unconq'rable destruction brings.
Oh, then, vain man, hereafter be
More tender of propriety;
And know both whence your blessings
come.

And that their loss must seal your doom.
Now trav'ling east and turning round,
We tread the most licenseious ground,
East Georgia-street, now Market call'd,
Where men and maids become enthrall'd
In infamy and foul disease,
Their hellish master's will to please.
Here unmolested till of late,
The devil's active agents sat;
The horrors of their looks and crimes
Were not surpass'd in ancient times.
Nor stop it here, but spread abroad,
By hold defiance or by fraud,
Both east, and west, and south and north,
Emitting all its terrors forth,

Till it were dangerous to say That virtue had a place to stay. Nor in the town is there a street Where disjoin'd members do not meet: Nor can the city hide the stain. Without more trouble yet, and pain. But if my pow'r was as my will, With these I would the prisons fill, Which then would be most useful grown, To cleanse and purify the town. But let us hence, to view the shore, From Georgia slip a mile or more. And first the growing banks arise, Or seem to soar and meet our eyes, Presenting ships, capsiz'd, on fire; Progressing up, we here admire The skeleton of infant ships. A back-bone first, and then the hips; And afterwards the ribs and neck. And then the belly or the deck, And then a thing erect in air, Shameless its barren head to rear. With thousand sinews and a coat, New call'd a mainmast of the boat;

And now, behold a ship complete, Prepar'd to join the trading fleet. But passing on, at length we view . A building old and partly new. Where hundreds work secure from harn In summer's day or winter's storm; And where a ship, or frigate staunch, May be prepar'd complete to launch. Yet further up a meadow spreads, Which salted healthful breezes sheds. And just beyond we clearly view The noble mansion at Bellevue, Built for the poor, resembling some The Fed ral-Hall, so large and firm. Though gratis here the poor are fed, Yet by the poor 'twas built 'tis said. And now due west we cross the field, To see what death-machin'ries yield. Here barrels lie of blackest grain, Conceal'd from all effects of rain, Destin'd as aid-de-camp to death, And powder call'd, which at a breath Has pow'r to summons mortals home, And show them their eternal doom.

This, Milton says, the devil drew from midst of earth, his art to show. ntending with it to dethrone That God who reigns supreme alone. lut, leaving this, we travel west, and quickly find the very nest or rogues in custody, who crave he little pity that we have. fore than three hundred souls confin'd. 'hese tow'ring walls are doom'd to bind, tate-Prison this-and all confess. Iwas form'd on purpose to distress. and are the evils we endure o few that we must needs have more? s't not enough to toil and grievelut must we other hardships have? fethinks below excess of pain Vill compensate for infants slain. r neighbour's goods conceal'd by fraud; Vhy then not leave the wrath to God? or why, if man will have it so, lo they not give the fatal blow irect and quick-unmock'd by time. nd thus averge at ence the crime?

But as they will-we'll leave the seeme, And meditate on where we've been. In tracing back our steps, we find There's much to occupy the mind. All are not vain, but some are wise Who daily shine before our eyes. There is a God, and worshippers. To these my second thought refers-But stands again in partial doubt, How easiest to find them out. To call them Calvinists is rash. They do not all deserve the lash-Though Calvinists, I must confess, Are laudable in their address. But in their doctrine they omit The justice urg'd in holy writ-A few, not all; for some, I trow. Believe in grace and justice too. The ancient standard English rule Is best united-hot or cool-The reason this—they have a book, On which, in song or pray'r, they look, And cannot vary less or more, In reading ninety-nine times o er.

se most num'rous are, and rich. they have sev'ral churches, which. costliness, for pomp and show, Fed'ral-Hall can searce out-do. next in rank the Baptists come. ie one thing, and another some. I have heard their preachers say, infant finds eternal day. vit were strange if innocence re damn'd when it were usher'd hence. ile adult sinners find a rest ough their repentance, and are blest. this I will not dwell upon. trust it to the Three-in-one. next the Universal sect nand I should on them reflect ir own reproof, and just condemn what themselves have said of them. it all are say'd and shall have rest. ile Scripture says, none shall be blest, such as do believe—then how Heav'n can unbelievers go? Duakers' rule I may not call. Ounkers have no rule at all:

But Roman Catholics pretend The Lord is their peculiar friend, And his Vicegerent is the Pope, And thus they wind the subject up. But if I err not, they deceive All such as in the Pope believe. I'll nothing have to do with Jews, Our Saviour they outright refuse. And Antinomians, and all That Arians we justly call. . With other sects of equal grade. I'll have as little talk as trade. These all are numerous and strong, And quite too vain to dwell upon. There is a class of Christian folks. I often meet in ev'ning walks, And Sundays too, who seem to feel For Christ and godliness, a zeal. Who sound, without the blush of shame In sinners' ears, a Saviour's name. Who cry aloud, without the fear Of having scoffing sinners bear-Come. In ve separate, they say, Forsake your sins, and learn to pray,

For God alone can fully save. And make you full enjoyment have. No show about the churches here. No sky-dividing spires appear. But all is plainness, meckness, love. While boldly Zion-ward they move. They watch and pray, and read the word. And all believing, worship God, To grace and justice both they hold. And will unshackled. uncontrol'd, And join their voices all as one. To praise the Father and the Son. And these are Methodists—and much I wish the world were fill'd with such. And would declare themselves, for then We might distinguish Christian men. Departing from this subject now, I wander. I can scarce tell how. O'er many a foul and dirty place, Yet many a mark of neatness trace, In cleanly walks and gutters clean, Which quite too often foul are seen, Till I once more myself have found On public, though on costly ground,

The fallost new appears in view, While medicaries I parent. And have the ground, in wasons wet, In aliens sine as head as jet. Roma eight foot high in many spits, And much deforme new building lets. And so I all have said before. If I commit as error more. They will remain for years to come, Home firmly fix'd-but moving some. And here my first excursions close. My system calls for quick repose, And I my pen reluctant yield. Unuatisty'd, give up the field: Untold at least nine parts of ten, the things, and places, and of men. Herentter, under septrate heads, I'll trent of 'penrances and deeds, And wareh out frund and virtue too. And brian their hidden works to view.

OSPECTIVE VIEW OF NEW-YORK.

lofty house, high mounted up. n tiptoe on the very top. ew the wide extended block. ere goats and sheep commingled flock. adway the first that takes the eye. e noblest street I here espy. e new-swept side-walks neat and clean. h poplars shaded sweet and green, I sev'ral thousand stylish folks seen repassing on the walks. re side by side close converse hold, nincing pair, till each has told. haps, the whole she thinks or knows out her prospects and her beaux. I there a gentleman complete, ashion all, from head to feet, th hugest seal and ruffles wide, w strutting in the height of pride, l in his heart a want of sense, long neglected judgment hence;

PROSPECTIVE VIEW

7

for so the fashion is, and he, for fashion's sake, must shallow be. And now appears a crowding throng; With lofty looks they pass along, Hegardless of the humble fair, Whom we distinguish here and there. And all, or nearly all, appear Incompile that death is near. Who will, o'er long, their cong'ror be, And hind them in eternity. For miles around we now behold New objects, and new scenes unfold: The analysms storides ton ring high, with beat from a for when passing by. Source will be applied there of South the rempted because seather of My bein Seifen ib jen be bebiebe bie if To everle in John & worfully frome. Some interpolation there are good from the क्षा है। साराधाना के लेख के लेख के अपना के अपना क . For affectillings writing all from the in spill lift adder that you is seen it which Many possipped that was seen that the title Age adops to which the pictor the worker.

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And as they means obtain, they build, Or leave their lots an open field. And next the thousand streets appear, Some fill'd with earts and others clear. Bespeaking where is best for trade. And where all business is dead. Or close observing, we can see The undisguis'd variety Of occupation, looks, or dress, Or where is joy or dire distress. Extending now the pow'r of sight. We view the spreads of canvass white, Which press the oval hulks along. As swift as horses, twice as strong. And all the view together brings Comparison of things to things. As art to nature, vying each, Which most variety can reach: But this in herbs, in action that-While many things they jointly mat. With eagle-eye we now can see Where all the public houses be: And leaving churches unobserved, And places where the devil's serv'd,

We prospect have of Potral-Hall, Of Hutels and of Taverus small. And tow'ring high above the rest, From Jersey bank observed the best, ()r when descending Hudson bold, The City-Hotel we behold: And next to that Mechanic-Hall. fligh built, the narrow made and smal Now Washington and Tammany. Which own'd by politicians be: Commercial next, and old Tontine. Where earthen roofs sun-beaten shine. And Phonix new, and num'rous banks Where wealth plays off her shaving pran And gulls the flats, or vomits forth In bills, four times the whole she's wor And black Manhattan, small and old. Where water lawfully is sold, In meckness seems or miserly. Though foe direct to charity. 'the taverus many, but the stores, Now Gree'ries call'd, are many score Where thousands are maintain'd in stv The poor maintaining them the while:



Who buy their goods in driblets small, And pay large profits on them all. But lo. what num'rous girls and boys-The corporation these employs, And nobly too, for yonder school, Directed in Lancaster rule. Is their retreat—here youthful poor Free education may procure. And ignorance no longer pleads Necessity for foolish deeds: But weary grown, she scorns to stav Where she can have so little sway. Now turning here and there we see Where all the public auctions be; What motley crouds assemble there. Or loss or benefit to share-The country folks, an honest set. Here cheaply buy, but nothing get. And there the market glutted stands That ev'ry class of men commands, For rich and poor commingle here, And buy they must, or cheap or dear-They have no choice, for all must cat. And butchers always sell their meat. B

t weary grown, at length, of vair view, we straight descend again, where the sudden change of sec akes us forget where we have be

elika Perengi Laterra boner

RAMBLES THROUGH THE CITY.

WITH eagle eye and watchful care Each passing scene to see and hear. And what I find that's worth remark, Though deep in hiding places dark, To scan, expose, and public make, I now my City rambles take. Nor shall the high or lower class, From my applause or censure pass: But all in nakedness portray'd. Shall be in even balance weigh'd. No fear have I, nor favour crave, But each his proper due shall have, To meddle with the rich. I know Is brittle business to do: And irksome to defend the poor. With false intent or motive pure. Because "none but the poor will steal." Or rich uneasy make me feel: And yet I venture heedless on, And bid my diffidence begone.

RAMBLES THROUGH

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Remarking on the common things
Which circumstance to knowledge
brings;

With views alone to honor truth, And force the shame of villains forth. 'Tis not because I pleasure take. In the disturbance I can make. That I descend to lash the knaves. With ev'ry nonce that misbehaves, ... Regardless of their wealth or want. Or pangs I may in them implant-But that mankind may better grow, As they begin themselves to know; May 'void their shame and honor find. And cease disgracing human kind. Does Welchman Billy rave and toar, Or little Jacob strut and swear? Does Robert boast of wond'rous skill. Or Isaac how before his will? It is because they do not see Their conduct's impropriety. Let others only de the same, They quick would point, and cry, "for shame !"

But more of this anon—and now, I must upon my Rambles go— But hold—for I will first embrace A prospect of

THE MARKET-PLACE.

THE place where no distinctions are. All sects and colors mingle there, Long folks and short, black folks and grev. With common bawds, and folks that prav. Rich folks and poor, both old and young, And good, and bad, and weak and strong, The wise and simple, red and white. With those that play, and those that fight. The high, the low, the proud, the meek, And all one common object seek. For lady, belle, and buck and lass, Here mingle in one common mass, Contending all which shall be first. To buy the cheapest, best or worst; In fact, their object is to get Such things as they can 'ford to eat-Some beef, some pork, some lamb, or veal. And those who cannot buy, must steal-

Nothing more clear, I'll tell you why. All kinds of folks must eat or die. Objects of honor or disgrace. Are all seen at the market-place. Do you a slothful debtor seek? Go there, and you may with him speak, Seek there a fool, a friend, a foe. For all tegether there will go. Are you a painter, and would trace The features of one in distress? Go there, for there you're sure to find An object suited to your mind. And do you seek a beauteous form, A well shap'd leg, or handsome arm? Go seek it there, for there are all Of ev'ry 'pearance since the fall. The virgin, matron, husband, child, Upon this place have often smil'd: Whate'er you want, you'll find it there, There's ev'ry thing, and ev'ry where. But those who are on killing bent, Alone shall feel my chastisement; In Boston these, 'tis said, have not, Or common sense or feelings got :

ierefore they are not allow'd mmon juror's seat to croud: iteliers here, like other men. common sense—and sense of pain: weigh the meat, and you must know cat side of the scale is low. ants your care to balance it. would have your proper weight, two pounds of meat you'll see, ist two pounds odd ounces be. ch who buy a stately piece, arcely know their meat's decrease: the poor, who little buy, riss their meat, and wender why. us with some-but not with allnv. from the loaded stall, alance even, weigh the meat, nest to defraud or eheat. ssing now some rods or two, 'e a diff'rent scene to view : fraud that's lawful will appear, d in

THE AUCTIONEER.
tioneer, in acts and looks,
hat resembles other folks;

And make the flats a lie be But what of that? why, in A cheat is good and lawful Some auctioneers, besure, a And lawful dealers all the 1 For in the present case, I v The good and lawful work He has a lot of goods to se And puts them up—all this Some poor man owns the go So more or less, they all m They're worth, suppose, just He bids them in at two pour This is the way he fixes it.

And thus we see how hard it is
For law to check the knavish quiz,
Or to protect the needy man,
Who will not cheat, and cannot plan
A lawful fraud. And from the sight
Disgustful, straight we'll take our flight.
But, pleas'd with change, we turn to view
A lesser fraud in modern Jew,
And in

THE MODERN MERCHANT

too,

Who has a customer at hand,
And bends him thus to his command:

Dear sir, you ne'er again will find
Another piece that suits your mind;
Besides, so scarce it is and dear,
You cannot buy but now and here—

Tis all the ton, none worn so much;
Search ev'ry store, you'll find none such.

The man's persuaded, buys the cloth,
And, paying for it, marches off.

Now hear the grinning merchant tell
How quick he sold his cloth and well:

"'Tis out of date, few men. I find, Says he, will wear at all the kind; The stores are fill'd with it, and twice I've seen it sold for half the price." Thus with a man whose conscience sleeps: He cares but for himself-and weeps When he's in pain-but others' woes He cannot feel, but only knows. It is enough for him to feel The comforts of an ample meal, And in the glass himself to see, Arrav'd in costly finery. In fine, with him it matters not, If he thro' fraud his wealth has got, Or honest trade—he little cares From whence the god that he reveres. But wand'ring from this common scene-We take a view of other men. And first, a stranger meets the eye: With belly big, he passes by-But from his acts and looks, I ween. He has in western climate been: Which makes me some digression make. While I his full-length portrait take,

And show you in the man, at once,

THE LAWYER

turned evidence.

And this the story that I heard, Related by a modern bard: " A strange affair, in former times, Transpir'd in yonder western climes: A man agreed to make a road. And gave his bond to have it good: With white-oak stakes on either side. So strong and high, so long and wide. This he fulfill'd in lawful way, And then he su'd to get his pay. Much evidence he brought to show. His work was done just so and so. Defendant's counsel, Scouter, set # About new evidence to get; Yet it was call'd a common thing. For him, in court, his oath to bring-Who might do worse, feed him, and hence Was sure to have his evidence. As in such case, so was it now. And this his eath, or somehow so:

Whether or brib'd, or flush'd with w He rose and swore that oak was pine The case was rare, was wond'rous to Its like not court nor jury knew. All jurors swear, such are the laws, By evidence to try the cause, And evidence is counted proof, And proof, as some suppose, is truth. Now, please the court, the jury said, To try this cause we are afraid; 'Tis prov'd so plain on either side, That much we doubt, truth is belied How else can man that's mortal know Whether his barns are built or grow. Here Scouter bawl'd, in height of ras Pray, gentlemen, your doubts assuage For what avails your reas'ning stuff? The fact is prov'd, and that's enough Then, said the court, what being kno But what his head is in his shoes? Now Scouter had a pompous clerk. Whose bus'ness was the dirty work, Edgar his name, and thus he spoke: Pray what's the odds 'tween pine and o



,

In daddy's swamp I've seen them both. And pine is oak I'll take my oath. All would not do-the court would rule, Who silene'd Scouter and his fool. And charg'd the jury deep and wide, Where Scouter's oath was set aside. The jury then directly said. The plaintiff fully should be paid. Thus Mr. Scouter lost his cause. Which not the end of trouble was -For an indictment soon came on. Too tedious quite to dwell upon." And now returning, we pursue, By observation and review. Domestic Rambles-and advise Where much of hated evil lies. For weary grown of foreign tales, Where useful information fails. Or useless grows to us, who care So little of the manners there. Our profit and our pleasure both Compel remarks domestic forth. And here we meet a double-face. In which, unerring, we may trace

Deceit and malice, fraud and gui But thinly veil'd within a smile. And here, undaunted, we will sea The conduct of this vicious man, And try his character, and see What in a double-face can be; And, by description, try to show How you a double-face may know Now whether he be fool or fiend, We'll call him a

DECEITFUL FRIEND.

Smiles the man of double-mind, Kind his looks, his language kind Proffers friendship good and grea While he preconcerts your fate. Humble now he looks and fawns, Boasts how much he meanness so Gains the secrets of his friend, Learns in what to most offend; Watches now a favor'd time, Changes anger into crime, Bursting with explosion great, Slays the victim of his hate.

alking now from place to place, indless of his own disgrace. llows forth his hellish deeds. ows how free the victim bleeds. oud this sorry truth to know. can mimic Satan so. xt in Jonny's yard we peep. here the new-whipt negroes weep; re no trial can be had. t the master growing mad, kes it in his head to rave. d begins to beat his slave; t a law in Christendom relieve a slave will come: imes alleg'd, are heinous crimes, ast be punish'd many times. . as often as a knave n afford to own a slave. e will sing a pleasure song, ise our voices loud and strong, amuse the ear, and lay owledge in a villain's way, hom, to 'scape a greater thrall,

We'll the

: : !

GRUEL MASTER

call.

Beat alike the slave and horse. Pound the dog and kick the cat. Time will bring you sore remorse. God will judge you just for that. Orphans have an angel guard, Injur'd beasts shall be reveng'd. Beat them often, pound them hard, For the scene will soon be chang'd. Poor and needy negroes have Equal interest with God, Their's shall be a peaceful grave, While a hell is your reward. Beat alike the slave and horse, Pound the dog and kick the eat, Time will bring you sore remorse. God will judge you just for that. 7 Now across the way we go, Where we have another view: Beaux and belles at table set-One controls by dint of fret,

While the humble waiting-maid Meekly bears the name of jade. Licens'd by their stations, they Take the liberty to say What they please—for all the blame Takes its flight in Ellen's name, Whom, for fashion's sake, we call Billy gully's

SERVANT GIRL.

Plac'd in circumstances low,
Doom'd to wait upon the vile,
Their commands to hear and do,
And to bear th'insulting smile,
Yet contented with her lot,
Mindful of what Jesus did,
She a Comforter has got,
Who will cheer when she shall bid.
But the haughty wretches bold,
Who despise her humble sphere,
Little think, though often told,
Which with God most honor'd are.
Death undaunted dares to tell
The decision that is giv'n—

Judgment sinks their souls to hell, While her soul it wafts to heav'n. Now with carcless walk we come. First. to Miss Lucina's home. Grandeurs here with fashions clash. Proving ample funds of cash. Leaving all her sighs and groans, All her griefs polite and moans. We will try what virtue lies In the pleasures wealth implies: Try if any thing there be, Pleasing in prosperity. Passing all acquaintance, friends. All the pomp that wealth attends. Both the pleasures of the glass. Carriage-ride and China lass, With the honors, titles, pride, That attend at riches' side. Stylish houses, gardens, all That appear at riches call, We will sum the whole, en mass, In

THE LADY,

fashion's lass.

Oh! I'm so weak, so delicate! But these complaints are what I hate. I've much to do to-day, and must Determine what I'd best do first. The mantuar aker is to see-And now, what shall the fashion be? Oh, now I think on't, Miss Le Prue Wore yesterday a fashion new-I must to her-see where 'twas done, And there I'll go and get me one. Think you my William will be here? Says Jane, I cannot tell my dear. Well, whether William comes or no, To th'opera to-day I'll go. Dear sister do look o'er the cards, I'll look them over afterwards. Says Jane, What answer to Miss Care? "I'm engag'd"-I'll not go there? Says Jane, and to Miss Careless what? Ah, that indeed, I had forgot-Why, "I shall very happy be, .. To see the lady here at tea." I'm overrun with bus'ness quite-What is the Play, dear Jane, to-night?



44 Rambles Through

But never mind, we all shall go,
And when we get there we shall know.
Is father gone? well, I must send
For sixteen pound, to-day, to spend.
But we'll away—'twill never do
Such follies further to pursue,
Lest we, like her, should also learn
All useful business to : purn.
And follies to embrace, as best
Adapted to our happiness.
Now hardly have we time to go
A half a dozen rods or so,
Before we hear

THE DERTOR

mourn

Prosperity's too slow return:
Alas! I owe, but cannot pay,
The time is up this very day;
I've not a twentieth part in hand,
To serve my friend's most just demand.
What shall I do? or how excuse?
To tell my loss is not of use,
For creditors can never bear
Impov'rish'd debtors' plaints to hear.

Oh, that I could but once be free,
I ne'er again involv'd would be.
Who first gets rich, may borrow trash,
Who borrows poor, must bear the lash;
So Martin said, and ran away,
To answer for't some other day.
Now crossing o'er the street, we hear
The harrangue of

THE PURCHASER.

I'm sure, dear sir, you can't suppose
You'll get the price you ask for those;
And sir, indeed, the things are bad,
Who buys such things must first be mad.
But still he buys, and goes his way,
Boasting the trade he's made to-day.
Says he, I've bought this precious stuff.
For nearly half what it is worth—
Do see how fine! its worth near twice
The foolish merchant's present price.
But I'll to light the secret bring:
"Possession makes a better thing."
As darkness now approaches fast,
My eyes must take a homeward cast;

36

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RAMBLES THROUGH

But viewing, as the way I tread, Those scenes of which I oft have hea And first

THE BILLIARD TABLE

plies

Its beck'ning magic to my eyes-Old gamblers here, or gentlemen, Such as we oft have heard and seen. Hold conf'rence in an uppper room, With each the handle of a broom. Or what resembles it in hand. While somewhere near the waiters st Attentive on the call of each. A glass of Sherry wine to reach, Or pot of ale, or grog, or rum, Or gin, or brandy, and to some A German pipe or foul segar, And all prepare for friendly war. They all are friends, but trying all To bring their fellows into thrall. A hundred dollars soon are bet, That such and such the rub will get:

ic onc, perhaps of all the rest, quickest hold the balls and bestthis, let him be who he may, pinted is the first to play. een eye and table now they place broomstick, lately term'd a mace. ome a cue, and is a pole h which the marble balls they hole. , eyes asquint, or open wide, ards the ball the pole they glide: pever misses, steps away, give his fellow room to playthus they pass away the night. r gambling cannot bear the light,) triving, with a deal of fuss, scertain who wins the purse. light approaching now, they go, lrunk with joy, or rum, or wo, eek their beds-but always mind, eave their social love behind. friendship with an empty purse, eldness turns, or something worse: he that wins will not befriend fools who thus their money spend.

RAMBLES THROUGH

Fatigu'd with rambling now, I come, To rest and meditate at home.

Here I will paint, from former view, What ancient painters never drew, Or never for the picture had Original—which fashion, mad With love of change in modern day, Now throws directly in my way: And here recognise if you can, In this,

THE MODERN GENTLEMAN.

Bewitch'd with pride and lady's smiler
And wealth that lies at his command—
Possess'd of all the little wiles
That monkeys play so off a hand,
Of worldly knowledge, pomp and show
And mistresses and servants too,
A dog, a eat, and monstrous seal,
Bespeaking that he feels his worth;
With fancy's pow'r to blazen forth
An oratoric whine or squeal—
By fortune bless'd with uncles rich,
Or friends that he can uncles call,

Ir knows a judge, no matter which. For these are great achievements all-And has a switch or handsome cane, A limber tongue and rattle brain, With knowledge what the fashion is. And knows withal which way to go, To find a meal, a stool or show-What animal can equal this? The saint is humble and submits To God and man without complaint; The gentleman disdainful sets. Asham'd alike of God and saint--He feels his fancy'd greatness grow, and heedless urges on to woe, Nor thinks the day of Christ will come. When Jesus will his angels tell. To bind the gentleman in hell. And bear the saints triumphant home. One picture more, and I will yield To Morpheus, who oft has seal'd My thoughts in sweet forgetfulness If present toils and past distress. crhaps you all have heard and known _Œ.

The ravages of

DEATH IN TOWN.

Unlike a modern prince or king.
Or other modern any thing.
This monster comes himself, to bring
And do his will.

Through ev'ry street and lane he goes, His dart in vain he never throws, But pieces each and all of these He aims to kill.

Like bailiff, alderman, or may'r, He stiflly wanders here or there, Familiar grows, as follies are,

Although a king.

Two thousand souls a year are taught His vengeful ire, who little thought For them he had a summons brought, Or fatal sting.

From what we daily see and know,
Of these at least three quarters go,
To spend eternity of wo,

In blackest hell.

Oh, then, ye living men be wisc, Secure by penitence and cries, Within the realms of yonder skies, A place to dwell:

Where all is safety, glory, bliss— What world possess'd could equal this? But death to sinners brings a curse, Than which no herrors can be worse.

SECOND RAMBLE.

NOW, eagle-ey'd, I skulk about, To find the diff'rent people out, And trace them to their secret dens, Tho'they should skulk like mice or wre And first

THE GROCERS

I will sean.

In proper manner, man by man,
And search their merits out, to find
If they are useful to mankind.
Their occupation is to buy
Wherewith they can the poor supply,
As choese and butter, meat and bread,
With tea and sugar, meal and thread,
Rum, brandy, gin, molasses, wine,
Brooms, candles, coffee, buttons, twine
Peas, beans, and pepper, cider, ale,
Which, by the penny, pound, or pail,

They sell at great advance of price. And all grow wealthy in a trice-Of these there are a hundred score. At least that number-may be more-And all upon the poorer class Of men subsist, and yet they pass For useful citizens, and such As benefit poor people much. The rich at wholesale buy, as cheap As those who benefit would reap From retail-hence we proof procure That grocers live upon the poor. Now look within a grocery, And mark what virtue there you see; A sturdy man, or one that's slim. With clerk so pert, so neat, and trim, Behind the counter waiting stand. Or fly to answer some command, Such as "give me a glass of rum"-Or "brandy bitters"—may be some Will call for pipes, or for segars-And now a jolly set of tars, Just in from sea, come hopping in. And order each a glass of gin;

All SWCAL SU BWILLIAM SWIT (The grocer laughing ail the while,) As would affright a modest man. And give a common swearer pain; Now boys collect about the door, Some two or three, or may be four. To see and hear, and learn to mock 'The sailors' most blasphemous talk-And now, a servant girl, may be, Steps in to get a pound of tea, She is insulted-and must bear The insults that are offered there. Because her crabbed mistress sent Her there in haste, and would com-Upon her stay, in terms so rash, As might bespeak a coming lash.

ag cards are introduc'd, modest folks abus'd: ome drunken folks are seen. e greasy counter lean. fall-and yet they may ther glass for pay. s are considered such poor people much. vithin another store. ments with vocal roar. ing, may be fighting too. en fellows not a few. y threats, or false alarms, the neighbourhood in arms. 's are consider'd such poor people much. vation more I'll make. my leave of this will take: and grocers with their train. nd souls which we maintain. t least two hundred each. l on calculation reach. indred thousand dollars. all we may with safety call

Just thrown away, for it is clear, Who has enough, would have to a If grocers were to merchants turned hiv'd on what they justly early expected are consider'd such As benefit poor people much. But people here, like English lor Will have their way in works and Therefore we'll turn, and lightly A word on

CARPENTERS

en maas

These useful men deserve respec For they build up and then prote By sound repairs, and timely aid And fortunes not a few have mad Upon foundations which they lay And still are laying day by day. The rich almost alone employ The carpenters, and hence enjoy The satisfactions that arise From their unequal'd enterprise, While they a present living get, Through perseverence, toil, and

penters and teachers toe. uthors, printers, and a crew er able, useful men. vield the tool, the type, or pen, s the same—these lay the plan, eatness in some other manthe bugs of greatness know. om they all their greatness owe, l not own the fact-for they upon the neonle play onkey tricks of brag and prate, ugh they did themselves create. ore anon-meantime we'll trace piects of another place. danger is to safety turn'd, ead of water-carriage spurn'dre behold a modern boat. 'd upon the deep to float. ke a Yankee waggon, made on wheels; and this will wade er twenty fathoms deep, t in due position keepIt's called a

STEAM-BOAT,

And will go, Though not a breath of wind should blow And tide a head, almost as fast As largest sloop, with tow'ring mast, And canvass spread, that has the wind And flowing tide, with force behind. Impel'd by magic strength, it scales Opposing waves, and oft avails Itself of favor'd breezes, yet With equal speed can forward get In deadest calm—and what is more, It eats, though boats ne'er ate before; And strange to tell, its constant food Is neither more nor less than wood In shape a pike of mammoth size, And like a mole devoid of eyes, With belly big, like Milton's sin, Where belies and beaux pass out an And I am told, or false or true, I leave the judgment all to you— That one of these will often pay Twolve hundred dollars in a day,

see who feed it, and provoke ght from Albany to York. this may be I cannot tell, can I on the subject dwell. e yonder man with motions strange, is me once more the scene to change, I try, if with effect I can,

THE DRUNKARD'S

Character to scame

nd here he lies a limpsey heap,
'he gutter's company to keep,
)r else to rest, or cool his blood,
While from his mouth proceeds a flood
Of curdled food and stinking rum—
Now drunkards are most troublesome,
And hard to tame, and rarely learn
To keep the name or pence they earn.
One has a fund from whence he draws,
Though drunk, the world's unweigh'd applause,

And from the means he holds, contrives l'o half maintain a dozen wives;

60 RAMBLES THROUGH

The next, with drinking overrun, Can spare no time to maintain one-But starves himself, or steals, to get Wherewith his throat in rum to wet. These you must know, have crooked wall And erooked wavs with crooked talk. So us'd to crooks-that in their looks. When sober, they display their crooks And it were vain for one to try To wipe away the crooked eve. For strangers may discern at once, The drunkard from the nat'ral dunce. As easy as a fool could tell. A modest girl from modern belle-Now let us change the scene, and scan The case of vonder

POOR OLD MAN.

With ev'ry gift of nature fraught— By science and by feelings taught, Endu'd with sense and judgment too, And skill to practice what he knew— But rob'd in virtue and in faith, And ev'ry grace a Christian hatha sample worth pursuit,
t could boast unblemish'd fruit—
or his lib'ral hand had known,
lness the oppress'd would own—
d by sorrow's victim lov'd,
n his thoughts by God approv'd—
his hands refuse their strength,
n each day to tedious length—
rt to man and beast was kind,
us triumph'd in his mind—
nad faults, which were, 'twould
n,

was poor, and lack'd esteem.
ults were great, no man had worse
has these 'tis safe to curse—
ler, did you ever hear
man's stealing clothes to wear?
our life did e'er you know
n to jail for stealing go?
e that steals must first be poor,
r therefore will steal besure.
nds alike thought just the same,
tee he got an evil name;

And such must be till fashion fail. Finding one day his wants to pres. His fav'rite friend did thus addres. Pray sir, can you ten dollars les. Till God some means to pay shal. Can I" his friend replies, "you "Yes—ten times ten your neck to "Why! do you think I'll throw a" The hard earn'd pence of many. So off he went, asham'd I'm sur. Of being friend to one that's poo And right enough—for who wou When such poor folks to borrow.

e and pray is well enough, ingy pray'r is useless stuffill not act the drudge, while you vovetous device persue." e try'd, and try'd again. ach attempt increas'd his painth, fatigu'd, he wander'd home. God he thanked, relief had come: re an honest debtor stray'd. enty dollars freely paid. at is here ?-why all this croud lemen, where meek and proud er flock? what can it mean? ing be sure is to be seen: rill mix among the rest, the whole affair to test. review-and will unfold stery, and be control'd ic voice, and then return. what in the croud is done. v I see it is about n captain, brave and stout, st worth, belov'd by all igled people, great and small.



64. RAMBLES THROUGH

Returning now, I haste to tell You all about the

THE FUNERAL.

The man was dead—the nation mourn'
Not by changing smiles in tears,
As from review appears,
For fashion's turn'

But by parade and pompous show,
Void of ev'ry grievous care
That's us'd in common fare,
Unmix'd with woe

The day was set—all classes came,

Mourning for the late deceas'd,

And with them came the priest

The blind and lame

All sizes, colours, shapes, were seen,
Drunk and sober, rich and poor
The righteous and impure,
In white and green

The bells all toll'd—but not as when Solemn scenes were taking place,
But fire, when that's the case,
As ratt'ling then.

The drums and instruments of wind Struck my car with solemn awe, I heard, but nothing saw To damp my mind.

Perhaps some lookers on presum'd,

He who throw'd his life away

Obtain'd sufficient pay

When thus entomb'd.

I won't remark—but 'twas a quiz,
Practis'd on man's common sense—
To mock at him that's hence
With deeds like this.

Twere better far, if man of art,
Well prepar'd, had then design'd
A speech of solemn kind,
To melt the hear

Who's dead, is gone beyond our reach
Then reward man's labour here,
That heres may appear,
And courage tead

This fun'ral forty thousand cost,

Counting time and money spent,

Which to the poor, if lent,

Would not be los

But no such boon the poor can find, Cold's the hand that reaches him,

And is, though small and slim,

Clos'd and unking

But let us leave the scene, and go
To yonder house—there's much-a-do
About some trifle, which, may be,
Will interest both you and me.
And here in troubled posture sets,

THE LANDLORD,

Who unceasing frets. That he is rich is not enough. But he must needs blow too, and puff,

And fret, and scold, and savey be, Whene'er his tenants he can see: He is not pleas'd, there's something wrong, They leave too soon, or stay too long, Or are too proud, perhaps too mean, Or have too fickle-minded been. A cure, my lad. I have for such. · Tis to concern yourself as much About your own behaviour, then You'll find your tenants better men. Polite and easy be, and kind. Twill form your tenants to your mind. Many a man that can't be drove. Oft times won over is by love. Poor folks, as well as rich are proud, Declare their rights as quick and loud; But landlords that are just and kind. Most always faithful tenants find. Try this, dear sir, for once and see, If all the fault is not in thee. What there of it you cannot find, Impute to feebleness of mind. But hark, hear madam Goody tell About the babes she us'd se well.

doubtless, which she found, Rambling all the city round: "Two little babes that could not talk, This day went out to take a walk; Their little feet mistook the road. And stray'd direct to my abode: Dear infant things, how soft they sight Gaz'd round the unknown room and cry'd I flew and gave them drink and bread. And wash'd each little sun-burnt head. They smil'd so thankful on me then. As seem'd to say they'd weary been. Methinks the mother feels amain. Cold sorrow's pangs, who seek in vain These tender babes, who guiltless stray's And like her, wish they'd with her stay'd I felt for them a mother's care. Though ignorant whose babes they were But deeper felt the mother's pain, Who sought to find her babes again." And now, reviewing close, we scan The conduct of

THE EASY MAN.

The sun shone clear, and nature smil'd, All things appear'd screne and mild, Children chatting, people walking, Parrots strutting round and talking, And even horses seem'd to feel The blessings of an ample meal—'Twas now the easy man arose, From scant repast, and brush'd his clothes,

Without a cent to grace his purse,
And what a thousand times is worse,
Without a barley loaf to feed
Himself, his wife, or e'en his seed,
And smiling as he mov'd, went out,
To see what he should go about.
He felt some little pang of grief,
Perhaps to think that no relief
Was in his means, for those who were
Dependent on his work and care;
But that he could not help he knew,
It therefore lightly pass'd his view.
His elothes were old and ragged grown,
But what he had were all his ewa-

RAMBLES THROUGH th consoled was he in hope, ed would yet new clothe him up his foes without his friends, is is what God most commends, e ye separate, saith he, from all worldly things be free. ears would sometimes hear the ery orphans who pass'd hungry by, en he would sigh and yield a pray'r was all he had that he could spare nd here his trouble for them ceas'd o circumstance his eare increas'd. ere long stern hunger seiz'd his breast, And now he felt supremely blest; For this, says he, is God's own voice, Now calling me to make my choice, Whether I will or please my taste, Or let my soul enjoy a feast-I choose the latter, spurn the first, Whose makes other choice is curs' From place to place he winds his I Till night appears, then wanders ! Conscious he'd done the best he c In leaving all his wants with God oo wise to grieve, too weak or art, is only boast an honest heart, hink what he must feel now to find, iod in his purse as well as mind—'or wealth that long had been his due, ust yielded up, now strikes his view—t had been kept by fraudulence, lut yielded up by penitence. I was God's own pow'r produc'd the act lis thankful heart confess'd the fact, and sweeter sleep has never been, han he this night has slumber'd in.—but here a contrast is, or rule, 'o judge between the wit and

FOOL.

trong his sense, his judgment strong, ot a thought of his is wrong,

In his esteem; lreat the pomp with which he'll own, all he knows is to be known,

And honor'd seem. int let us hear, and profit reap

rom him who saw



RAMBLES THROUGH

THE CHURCH ASLEEP.

"As once I did a church attend. In Bow'ry street or two beyond. A serious sight seiz'd on my view; Grey heads were resting on each per Whene'er the parson thund'ring spol I found these heads from sleep awoke The case I must confess was rare. And therefore thought I would not sp My pains to learn how many slept, So drew my pencil out and kept A just account of ev'ry nod, I saw within the house of God. All doubtful cases I o'erlook'd. And only certain ones were book'd... Of these I found among the men, A number rising four times ten. Now, for myself, I do suppose, Were I a lord and hired those, At night I should dislike to pay Such men as slept their time away.9 And next, reluctant though, we come To hear the stern command of

RUM.

, ye slaves, at my command,
ship me, your chosen god,
Nor think to stand;
d your hearts, ye baser hand.

d your hearts, ye baser band, mble while the humbling rod Is in my hand.

in the church we enter next, venture comment on

THE TEXT.

parson, with his visage grave,
e and declar'd that he would have
ext, for 'twas a common rule—
so he had—but 'twas a tool
nard to use, he wanted skill
nake it 'bedient to his will;
lise 'twas dull—for people say,
mit direct. he preach'd away!
yet the man was not to blame,
other preachers do the same.
I've a story now to tell,
rue, and understood as well

74 RAMBLES THROUGH

As any text-or tune-but which

THE FOOR

Reproved by the rich I'll call-but will not name the man. Although he will confess I can: Albert, you say that you are poor! A pretty thing to tell, besure-Why, none but fools make that complain I, too, was poor, but now I a'nt: Easy enough I found it was To pick up wealth-but you, because You don't know hore, will always be Poor as Lazarus was, I see-And if you keep yourself so love, No one will help you up, I traw." Albert replies, "Just tell me now, When to pick up, and where, and how." And next we meet

THE LIB'RAL MAN,

Whose character we'll try to scan. Walker possessed wherewith to live, And had a lib'ral mind to give;

at is-in certain cases, he uld give most cheerfully and free. eph. by accident, of late, t near one touth of his cstateloh, it was a grievous thing, erefore his friends their presents bring; L'mong the rest friend Walker came, give the rich would raise his nameerefore he pays five deliars o'er, I grieves that he can pay no more. did the rest-till Joseph found e cure was greater than the wound. tt Walker meets a starving man, o begs he'll help him if he cany, to be sure, friend Walker says. 've many such folks now-a-days; here's a shilling, use it right, I never more offend my sight. , charity! how good it isw comforting to avaricelif but rich our beggars were, at plenteous bounty they would share. st charity! that can bestow, ero no such thing e'er came as wo!



76 RAMBLES PEROUGH

Would I were rich! that I might be 'The object of lib'rality!

THE CHRISTIAN

Next appears in view Whose circumstances here ensue. No more does grief grievous appear, But conquer'd all his troubles are, His peace with God is made and seal'd, And God's own will to him reveal'd: Though foes or poverty assail, One moment they cannot prevail-Always in God be puts his trust. And is prepar'd to meet the worst. If he is rich, his gen'rous hand Is open at the poor's command; Is he is sick, some angel bears To Jesus' bosom all his pray'rs. God's will is his, and his is God's. And great the peace his state affords, $\Lambda \epsilon$ 'er beggars does he bid depart. But their relief is near his heart. His all is plenty, peace, and love; Haste, reader, and those pleasures prov



little while, to those who wait, lakes it eternally too late.

nd now the

PIOUS INFANTS

Come,
oek'd arm in arm, rejoicing home.
ehold the infant girl and boy!
heir Maker's praise their tongues employ;

hat sight, dear reader, equals this?
hat sight, dear reader, equals this?
hame on grey heads who cannot boast
f aught beside their virtue lost;
hame on those foes of common sense,
ho dare complain of Providence;
hese children to each other tell
heir early joy at shunning hell!
hile aged fools embrace their sin,
htaught the danger they are in.
hese infants smile on present grief,
ith joys eternal in belief;
hile other children are at play,
hey bend their knees to God and pray;

While aged christians doubt and fear, Their prospects flow and settle clear; While all around is harde, strife. They feel their peace to be for life; Nor do their pleasures linger here—Hereafter serves their souls to chaer; And all their joys of time and some Are flar surpass'd by those from hence Islay, my readers, all of you May prove what these dear infants had and note the

CHRISTIAN CREDITUR'S

Remarks to Tom, my notice draws.

"Cond mornow, in, or a you not get
The teific that you owe me yet?
Perhaps, of all your friends, not one
Would patient wait as I have done.
I like to help the poor, and will,
While faithfully they pay my bill,
But when they poor and backward gro
I nothing more for them will do.

"Owe no man any thing," its said—
And whe can't pay should never trade:

Why, it's a cheat, a fraud, a shame, "Tis what too much we cannot blame, To borrow money, then to say, You have not got the means to pay! I'll tell ye what, I'll wait on you Just three days more before I suc; I won't distress, I scorn the thing, If only you my money bring; But that I must have, be as 'twill, So don't neglect to pay my bill." And here must some digression be, While I reflect on

CERTAINTY.

There is a work for man to do,

A certain course he must pursue,

Decreed by fate.

Though he ten thousand joys would try, Fate still will be a stander-by,

And make him wait.

But when his proper work he's found,

Fate has her will, and yields the ground

To his control.

THE BOOK-SELLER

Appear
With Rollin, Milton, Locke, as
And all that wise or simple are
With him w
In Hebrew, Latin, French, and

In Hebrew, Latin, French, and And other tongues that men ca Of ev'ry kin

His means of knowledge good:
In common things, in things of
And those di
But still his heart as little feels
Their worth, though in them all



Vith books, and tools, and slaves, and beasts,

At their control.

he sick that's rich has dainty meats, and feeds his friends, but lightly eats, Or can't digest.

coksellers, too, when any wish, erve up a heart-reviving dish,

But rarely taste.

nd now the church appears in view, or can she boast a private pew, ut public all—and here we find ome ten or twelve in converse join'd—

CLASS-MEETING

This, which we will view, nd drop a word upon it too. little soft word to the wise, or any small change will suffice, ad mountains of sin will remove, t merely believing in-love; ten trace my weak pen while it paints his infant ascemblage of states.

التاحلي

82 RAMBLES THROUGH

With God in their midst, to subdue Each sin that their flesh would nursu The man that is wise they select. T'inform, to reprove, and correct, While angels sit by to record What's testify'd there of the Lord. Does Judas appear with the rest, And friendship to Jesus attest? The angels record his intent. And God then commands to repent. But those who in meekness appear. With hearts that are true and sincere Proclaim each his faults to the rest. And wonder how such could be blest. Jehovah, beholding, is pleas'd, Proclaiming his wrath is appeas'd, And pardon and glory imparts To each of these penitent hearts. I'll venture, though weak, to advise, That classes equality prize. All worldly distinctions diseard. And he for joint-glory prepar'd. Distinctions no glory afford, For we are all one in the Lord,

And now, returning, we hear tell, How wond'rously

THE TEA-CUP

Fell

And broke itself, which needs must call

A few remarks upon its fall.

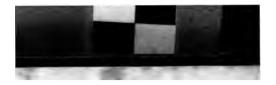
Tea-cups are dang'rous things, I trow,
Since they have pow'r to stand or go—
You may not doubt the fact a bit,
For I've the servant's word for it.
One leap'd the other day with paws,
Down from the shelf, and broken was.

Don't think it strange—for snakes I'm

Have legs to walk when stiff and cold;
And these at common times they hide,
And on their bellies smoothly glide.
Now, look out, reader, if you please,
Your cups may jump like worms of
cheese;

told.

And how can you, weak mortal know But cups can bite as well as go. And now we meet what's call'd



8) MAMBLES THROUGH

THE CAKE,

On whom a few remarks we'll make.

Nothing too bad, too foul, too vain—
No sense of evil gives him pain,
And yet he careful is to shun
Both time and place where good is don
He sleeps the day, and roves at night,
His eyes nor deeds can bear the light;
He drinks and aggravates his heart,
Yet thinks his jug can joys impart;
But little does he think, I trow,
The awful place he's hast'ning to.
Reflecting now, a word we'll say,
About

THE ROGUE IN CUSTODY.

Alas-a-day! poor Edgar's dead—No more does Scouter gain his bread By vice, or Edgar, or by stealth, But has it of the commonwealth. Scouter is apt at making nails, So apt, it seems, he rarely fails To get blue medals fring'd with black, Engrav'd upon his eval back.

And this reflection too, will urge A word about

THE PERJUR'D JUDGE.

When mountains do on asses ride,
And rivers burn through dint of pride,
When peaches groan, or laugh for fun,
And northern coldness chills the sun,
Then honored and honest too,
Will he be, who stands perjur'd now.
To wind the Ramble up, we'll rhyme
Four lines, at least, on

PLACE AND TIME.

There is a time for us to work,
A time for as to play;
And there's a place for chance to lurk,
A place for fate to stay.
Once more, at home, myself I find,
And to effection much inclin'd,
Which leads me on to meditate
On things above the present state,
And in



86 RAMBLES TRROUGH

THE WORD OF TRUTH AND GRACE, The blessings I enjoy to trace. And what more blessings could afford. Than does the gracious word of God? What more glorious is than this, The source of all our hope and bliss? The law was made to show our sin. The pride and lust we have within, But gospel grace through Jesus came. That we might glory in his name. Lo. you effulgent glory bright, Whose beaming rays absorb the sight! Here Jesus reigns, and with him all Who trusted in him since the fall. O Christ! thy liberty, how great! How bless'd are those who on thee wait! All things are theirs, they all things de All things to them made lawful too: No harsh upbraiding for their sins-For their salvation now begins. And all now find that each may have Enough of grace his soul to save. While under law we guilty were. But under grace forgiven are.



and free, and Christly love, vorm's salvation prove! deeming love could show for a thing so low. e wisdom of the Lord. unissive to his Word: nsgress'd-was sinful grown. trength and wisdom gonelow on foreign aid, liberty and bread. he do-so faint, so weak? restoration seek? ving God was known. o God and Christ alone. ian was a perfect soul, i part, and pure the whole, image of his God. embling at his nod. in his hand and heart, nis glory to impart, iberty, and ease, with his peacevith these was knowledge too. had done and what would do: Nor was he left without command,
To heed his blessings and to stand,
Firm as the pillars of God's throne,
Which could be mov'd by God alone.
Now blush, base man, who dares impl
That God is bound to hear your cry,
When in distress, and yield relief,
Merely because you feel your grief.
Blush, when you think from whence y
fell,

So eauseless, yet foreknown so well.

Is there beneath the sight of God,
A cause that can one plea afford,
Why man from such estate should fall,
Then hopeful on his Maker call?
Within the limits of your mind,
Can you one single reason find,
Why God should obligated be,
From wrath and hell to set you free?
Then mark the boundless love of God,
And bow submissive to his Word:
Arch-angels, doubtless, trembling stoo
When Adam first endur'd the rod;

hat alone would tend to show. sgression's fathership of woe; out the rod, who dares transgress, feel it ere he will confess: odds of pride in king and slave. in the diff'rent pow'rs they have,--k you the slave would hum'blest be, knew least of slavery? man who never felt the rod. ld boldly dare oppose his God.efore the rod alone can give. less to proud man to live. nake him know God's love and grace feel his lost and dang'rous case.rod so all-important is, ss would buffle happiness. s'd by God, and shows us weak. whence relief and strength to seek. doth in mercy man chastise, ake him humble, meek, and wise. to the point—when Adam fell ine was an eternal hell. was the doom of angels bright, n they transgress'd in realms of light, With pity great, the God of love Descended from his throne above, In promise first, then in the Word Made visible to man by God, And wrought a work that shook the Whieh can be mov'd by God alone. The Word made visible endur'd, 'The eurse as well as humbling rot And meekly bore our ev'ry sin, 'Though he had ever sinless been. Salvation was his work—and he Could not a slack performer be. He preach'd and pray'd and reason

That the whole world might not be lost, But live for him. And by the cost Of this redemption, wrought by God. Ljudge, that he who scorns the Word. Must be far more severely curs'd. Than if he had been dam'd at first. Death could not hold its victim slain-Poinstile he rose again, And by his resurrection, we From bondage have our liberty; And now we bask in brightest day. And hear a spirit whisp'ring say. Peace, and be still,-your Saviour will Your ev'ry soul with glory fill. And all things to you freely give, And let you in his presence live. To join with Angels and adore Free love in God forever more. Twas not enough of Love to show, That Jesus e'en to death should go, And rising too should justify, The meanest worm that's doom'd to die. He also left his will reveal'd, Which with atening blood was scal'd.

That if we ask, we shall receive,
And if we hear, we may believe,
And if we due attention give
To faith in him, we then shall live
Not for a day, a month, or year,
But long as we his name revere.
Now, to believe is to confide,
And confidence is all beside.
With such great pow'r his word is fi
Believing it, our souls are brough
To taste such flowings of his love
As will his very glory prove.
His word our ev'ry wound can ew
Or make us ev'ry grief endure:

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rk the boundless love of God. submissive to his Word d thus, by given faith. in what the Gospel saith. v glows as we compare igs with what eternal are: velv are, but worthless those. s and unwanted foes. God, we soar aloof. merring Word to proof, g such blessings back to carth. most favor'd angel hath, hly things are all subdu'd, ons slain, while each that's good. d off and kept for use. h fond care as voids abuse. mfort, and unmingled joys. e are here, our time employs. by hope, which hence will bear. to taste God's glory there; how great must be our bliss, compare that state with this! sus deigns on us to smile, els shouting all the while, lelighted, join the choir,

Reflective of the

THE SABBATH DAY.

No day for pomp or festival
So slighted has been since the
Or mark'd with such unfit dis
Of what belongs to other days
As this our Sabbath-day has l
By cv'ry class or rank of mer
Yet, strange to tell, Almight,
Assign'd this day, to case our
Of care and grief, and to con
Each troubled heart and bles
While those by men appoints
To celebrate some vain affai
Or show respect for sinners

d were just if he had said. ld not cease to seek for breadmercy deem'd it best, ome proper time of rest: e by taking time per force ve to fast the while of coursethe Lord is surety igh we rest we fed shall beost men do most respect n appointment, and neglect of God-its fair to say, ks for God is sure of pay; y who God's affairs neglect, wants and pains expect. then men fatigue and tire. vhat they all admire: the Lord saw fit to show m all our toils below. n high for those who pay his appointed day, rest on earth to all the toils of Adam's fall. f God in sinners view, ind seem as others do,

.gè

BAMBLES THROUGH

But Christians know, and all may prov It is a day of grace and love. The Lord of glory now descends, And ev'ry faithful saint commends. Reproves the guilty, and displays The glory of his love and grace. Enrob'd with pow'r and form'd of lov He linews the hearts of all that move. And, feeling pity, quells distress. And ever willing is to bless. But if his wrath we dare provoke. Or tempt his all-avenging stroke. His power suddenly will show. The labors of the world below. And teach the weary soul to lay More value on our Subbath-day. Who enters in the house of pray's, Confesses duty leads him there. And binds himself, by oath to God. To do as well as hear his word-For. by the common laws of men. Who swears by God, is perjur'd when He breaks his oath-and it would be. A silly thing for you or me.

Fo think that we could promise God, And yet be free to break our word-It truly is a solemn thing To swear by the Almighty king. Although to men-but when we swear Direct to God, we most should fear. The num'rous bugs and worms were made. To feed some things of higher grade, And so with beast and fish and fowl. But for the use of man the whole-Now please to tell me, if you can, What thing there is that feeds on man-If none, you hardly will deny,. What this admission must imply: That is, that man was form'd of God. To do and reverence his word. Now God has said, so preachers say, That holy is the Sabbath-day. And we may not that day pollute,. Or man or beast, with foul pursuit. But holy keep it, and to know By that, the rest to which we go. It seems, therefore, our present state: Is fraught with solemn duties great,

Which to discharge with equal zeal. That we for temp'ral trifles feel, Should be as much our own desires. As it is what the Lord requires. Then let us learn, while here below. Our holy Master's will to do. And by our pray're to pave the way To an eternal Sabbath-day. Lord help me to give thanks, and sing The praises of my Saviour King, Who deigns, by earthly rest, to show Eternal rest from all my wo: And Holy Spirit help me pray For an eternal Sabbath-day. Oh help my scul to love thy rest. And fully in thy mercy trust. That I may hope as well as pray For an eternal Sabbath-day. But now I'll show, if right I may, The

AFRICAN

Procession day, This was a show of selemn joy, Which gave our sable sons employ,

THE CITY.

And spread the glory of high God, And knowledge of his now'r abroad; That class of men the proud despise Had rear'd a church of wond'rous size. Expressly for the Saviour's sake. Of which they now possession take; Not Solomon, with all his zeal. Did greater satisfaction feel, When he beheld his temple stand. Which he had built at God's command. Than now these Africans proclaim At what they'd done for Jesus' name. With solemn dignity they meet To cast themselves at Jesus' feet. And there confess his gracious arm, On which they rest secure from harm, Had been their help and confidence. Their means and hope of recompense. 'Twas not enough that they should feel The joys resulting from their zeal, But feeling they had light divine, And pow'r before the world to shine, They form procession, move along With majesty and solemn song;

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THE CITY.

When you behold them rais'd above Even yourselves in Jesus' love? If you pursue your sin, while they Continue in their present way, They will be bless'd in other world. While you are to destruction hurl'd. Oh, then, go on, ye sable race, And prove the strength of Jesus' gr The fourth of cach October meet. And throw vourselves at Jesus' feet In mem'ry of his love and grace, Which for devotion gave you place; And nam'd you with the sons of Go Regardless of the vain and proud. And next, reflecting, we'll impart A thought upon

THE HUMAN HEART,

Not all the books of ancient date, Nor all that have been made of late Portray in full the human heart, Or knowledge give of ev'ry part. It changes with the change of time, Conforms to virtue and to crime, Elate with glory from its setting.
The wings of Jesus o'er them spread on their souls salvation shed, As when the King of Judah rode!
To Zion in the pow'reff God;
Again they raise their ev'ry voice.
And in their Saviour's strength?
The world, astonish'd, stand and!
Their ears profune, offended are,
And like the harden'd Jews of ell.
They bid these saints their peace.
But oh, ye sons of paidings share.
These pious Africana and theme,

_{ien} you behold them rais'd above en yourselves in Jesus' love? you pursue your sin, while they entinue in their present way, hey will be bless'd in other world, Vhile you are to destruction hurl'd.)h, then, go on, ye sable race, And prove the strength of Jesus' grace; The fourth of cach October meet, And throw yourselves at Jesus' feet, In mem'ry of his love and grace, Which for devotion gave you place, And nam'd you with the sons of God, Regardless of the vain and proud. And next, reflecting, we'll impart A thought upon

THE HUMAN HEART,

Not all the books of ancient date, Nor all that have been made of late, Portray in full the human heart, Or knowledge give of ev'ry part. It changes with the change of time, Conforms to virtue and to crime,

Sometimes it flatters, then deceives,
Delighted is, perhaps, or grieves—
In fine, its life, or death, or fear,
Is what we hate, and what revere;
And is the moving spring of life,
The source of harmony and strife;
Or else it is a pod of seeds,
From whence there's little grows
weeds;

Is hell, or else is chaos vain,
'The seat of glory or of pain—
But whether it be weak or wise,
It always rules our tongues and eyes.
And we rule that whenever we please

Or else it may deceitful prove,
And hate when you would wish to love.
Our hearts engender all our woe,
Are secret in their labours too—
And till renew'd or soften'd down,
One might as well, perhaps, have none.
And next, the subject to impress,
I'll show

THE PROFIT OF DISTRESS.

The mean little cot of content
Contains a full quantum of store,
No sly-looking bailiff is sent,
The days of involvment are o'er.
But bus'ness, fatigues and decays,
Expenses enlarge like a flood,
Dame Fortune, her visit delays,
The store threatens lightness of, food.
Contentment grows sick of the cot,
And yields up her birth to dispair,
Industry long since had forgot
To take up her residence there.
Assistance from God was in hope,
But the heart too deceifful had grown,



RAMBLES THROUGH

gave to contrivance a scope hich would not God's providence

_{e store now decreases} a pace, The visage of poverty threats, re want, with her odious face Peeps in at the windows and gates. ach probable friend is implor'd,

Their aid is receiv'd, and exhausts, The fam'ly in wretchedness moor'd,

And even their driblets are lost. Now, "What shall we do?" is the ery,

No prospect they find of relief; Completely unfitted to die,

To live is the height of their grief.

Do strangers appear from afar? Their fancy converts them to foes-Or bailiffs, or ruffians of war,

Or bearers of horrible news. Some means from afar were in view,

To save from the horrors of want; Approaching, they vanish like dew,

Or wilt like a sun-beaten plant.

New projects arise in the mind, Each flat'ring experiment try'd. But those of a fortunate kind Miscarry to gratify pride. There is a good thing to be done, Perchance it may fail like the rest-Tis cancel'd before it's begun, They fear 'twill not prove for the best... Thus twisting and turning affairs, Uncertain what ought to be done. They shackle their senses in cares. Belonging to fancy alone. While thinking a dun is sent in. Distresses afresh are in sight, And now the remembrance of sin Converts into darkness their light. I pity the weakness of man, So frail in his head and his heart. So prone in distresses to plan. And trust to the pow'r of his art.

And more the meek christian admire, Who humbly relies upon God, And feels that his greatest desire And now, by the by, I'll remark,
Who worship the Lord when a c
May never experience the dark
Which dwells in a bosom defil'd
When once we depart from the gr
Which flows from the fountain c
Jehovah, concealing his face,
Returns to his glory above.
Rewarding according to deeds,
He spreads his black darkness:
Involving the heart, till it heeds
The voice of th'enlightening V
In this situation they lie,

But they not discerning his throne, His glory and fullness of love, Departing, he leaves them alone,

Their faith and repentance to prove.

Again their distresses come on, To Jesus again they apply,

So great is the love of the Son,

That straightway he answers their ery.

Like Job, they arise from distress,

And shine twice as bright as before,

Their doubts and their guilt they repress,

For God has created them o'er.

Now fortune, obedient grown,

Beams forth in full splendor her worth,

And pitying, proffers her crown

Of th'fatness and blessings of earth.

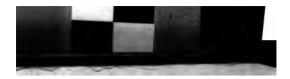
Their foes are at peace with them made, Their debts are all paid, and their friends

Return, like a man to his trade,

And all their complaining here ends.

A vain expectation defeats

The gracious intention of God,



108 RAMBLES THROUGH

But trusting in Jesus completes

The glory of th'soul and the word.

What darkness envelop'd the mind!

But glory now shines in the soul—

Before they were wounded and blind,

Now Jesus hath loved them whole.

Then trust thou, my soul, in the Lord,

Be faithful, and holy, and just,

Rely on the pow'r of his Word,

And be ye eternally blest.

Who places his hope on the world,

Forgetting his duty to God,

Is left to himself, and is hurl'd

From th'brightness and pow'r of the

But he who in Providence trusts.

And suffers in patience and love,
Is safe, though a thunderbolt bursts,
Which merely could waft him above.
Who trusts in the truth is secure
From dangers, temptations and death;
His pray'rs will enjoyments procure,
And glory, while gasping for breath.

ch and how honor'd is he, se God doth provide and attend? etter or greater can be, he who has God to befriend? re, if the reflection suits, ell a moment on

DISPUTES.

s one right and only way ads to an eternal day. that have been born of God. avel'd in and knows the road. en we view the diff'ring sects. octrines mongrel and complex, ing each the other's fall. gment would reprove them all. mer way is straight and long. the other ways are wrong; vavs do all from that lead out. raight and some go round aboutrk has sects of ev'ry class, st of them for Christians pass, se are nondescripts or Jews. as the homemade doctrines shoosa.



RAMBLES THROUGH

each pursue a sep'rate way, ecting all eternal day. pose two sects are trav'ling straight midst of num'rous dangers great, d one mistens and veers aside, holds contention with the guidehe other watching, sees their fault, Expostulating, makes a halt-The guide goes on-they loose their way Both going either road astray. For roads to lead astray, they find, Bestrew'd with flow'rs of ev'ry kind: But oh, what dreadful thorns spring w These weary travellers to stop. Both suffer now, and now they rave, And each will their opinion have. Both parties can each other see. The roads so near together be. And bawling loud, they can be hear But are not lov'd nor vet rever'd. And now the bold contention sprea A cloud of curses round their head In their opinion each is right, And each conceive their darkness

t they unitedly condemn. e worldly light that shines in them. wfangled tenets now arise, e gospel term'd a mass of lies, ie God deny'd, the truth unknown: truth denv'd is like to none.e devils now converse with men, I show them how to err, and when, what to do to merit hell. I how to ruin others tell. · churches when they condescend icious matters to contend. alted as they are of God, ten-fold damage to the word. w glorious then a peaceful light, at could each church and sect unite? eav'nly light 'twould take to show, ence these contentions came, and how; ; light of glory, nothing less, ld bring them to their right'ousness. I then, what glory would appearat joyous sounds greet ev'ry ear,en diff'ring churches join in one, hail the Lamb, God's only Son!



112 RAMBLES TUROUGH

The time is near, when Christ will With paw'r, mankind to reconcile.

THE RECONCILER,

new I find

Brings new reflections to my mind. Darkness first the empire holds, Nature next the light unfolds, Which, on diff'ring seenes and thing Knowledge most mysterious brings. Brings each eye to bear on truth, Undistinguish'd ago or youth, Worth unvailing, stripping vice, Showing all that's foul or nice, Pleasing or unseemly made, By the glowing light display'd. Thus the Saviour smiling comes, Calling sinners to their dooms. Freely by the Saviour's voice. Made dependent on their choice: Shining forth in splender bright, Loosing darkness in his light. Giving equal pow'r to all, Loud and equal too their call,

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THE CITY

I wisdom, equal claim dvation through his name: s the sins of all and each. s his servants forth to preach el tidings to the Jew, the heathen Gentile too; 3 the sick, relieves the poor. al wounds he comes to cure. bids the wranglers cease, the weary pilgrims peace, unfolds to open view ng glories, ever new: 's contention's foul effects. es and base backbitings checks, nce they rise he plainly shows, where each contender goes. wide the gates of hell, s the place where devils dwell, e presents the realms of bliss e the faithful convert is; he opes the sinner's eyes, s him where the hindrance lies,... g pow'r to overcome. s his willing spirit home. E S



114 RAMBLES THROUGH

Do the churches differ wide. Through their prejudice or pride? Understand they not alike, Or their hands with sinners strike? Are there fifty diff'rent kinds, Christians all, with diff'rent minds? Are they all at war with God, Tramp'ling on his holy word, Falsely painting spite and splcen Where but holiness is seen? Jesus meekly sees and hears, Uninvited there appears, Eloquently thus begins, Praising virtue, shaming sins: Oh, ye sinners, self-condemn'd, Will ye never comprehend Light that dazzles in your eyes, Never learn my love to prize? Are ye blinded each and all? Know ye not a Saviour's call, Which in pity, meekness, love, Sounds, your readiness to prove? Have I aught of evil done? Am I not Jehovah's Son,

Whom he sent to seek and save? Will ve other Saviour have? Are ye wiser than your God, Vain enough to doubt his word. Fighting who shall righteous be, Self-approv'd and not of me? Did I not your neighbours call. That you thus condemn them all? Or, in searching, have you found Doctrines more complete and sound, Prompting you to banish mine, While you term your own divine? Oh, retrace your words and thoughts, Scan the boldness of your hearts, View the prejudices there, And your word with mine compare; See if mine has ever fail'd. Or if yours has e'er prevail'd. Dangers threat'ning have you not Promis'd both in word and thought, That your vices you would leave And my offer'd love receive? Dangers o'er, your promise seems Like your vain unheeded dreams.



116 RAMBLES THROUGH

Now, my word rememb'ring, try Wherein I have told a lia. If, no fault you find in me. Doubt no more, believing be. Harken to my voice, and know Reconcilement here below. Social love, devoid of strife. Leads the shortest way to life: Love divine from social grows, Whence the richest blessing flows: There combin'd, as well may seem, Neighbours rise in man's esteem, Self is humbled, sin is hid, Charity is welcome bid, And the truth is separate. From the errors of debate. Who exalts himself, shall be. Humbled by austerity; So with each and all of you. Like the ancient stubborn Jew. Who will claim exclusive right Both to God and sacred light. While the meek, or church or man, Bowing to the gospel plan,

Errors vanish, truth appears,
Love unites, confirms, and cheers.

IMPARTIAL now as priests
I here remark on many things,
And to that end go patient out,
To ramble all the place about.
And first the dabster passing by
Attracts my close observing e
Now dabster is a common terr
For any man that's apt to lear
To read, to write, to think, to
Or show his skill in any way.
Is he a joiner, and can turn
The work of two days into or

OLD DESCRIPTION OF HOURS ON THE STROKE THE THE Now there be dabsters too at law, Who, thro' their skill, contrive to draw Their clients into endless suits, And failing, point them new pursuits As long as they can pay the cost; And then confess the cause is lost. But dabsters too there be at talk. Who ne'er consent to take a walk. But on condition that you'll hear, Or silent keep while they appear As spokesmen for themselves and you, And tell their story four times through. And dabsters at pomposity, Within this place, you'll often see, Who lift their foolish heads so high, As baffles common sense to pry Into their contents, while their tongues Betray, as well as strength of lungs, A sick'ning ignorance, and what Would puke a man of common thought. But passing now was none of those, For this was dabster at his bows,

Who can turn off a common text,
By just explaining on the next;
And leave their hearers, lawyer li
To guess what sense they meant it
Or may be they have learn'd how
Their hearers are, and therefore
Just what comes first to mind, at
Their hearers no great critics t
But now we find with powder'd l
A dabster grave, who, Nabal said
By dint of physic, quickly hurl'd
His foe into the other world.
And this advantage had of men

Net dabster dectors sometimes lurk About the streets, for want of work, N When it is thus with them, I trow; Attent on sick'ning where they go, They give an overloaded pill, Which has a quick effect to kill-And this defeats their aim, which was To make a bill with polish'd cause. Still other dabsters too there be. At blackguard-jokes and repartee. Besides at many kinds of games. Which give to dabsters diff'rent names. There still may be some dabsters more, Which I will mention just before I quit the subject-but will here Observe the dabster at his beer: One pot, and then a pot or two, To drink the which is what he'll do. With equal case that Germans smoke, Or blackguards pass the would-be joke This makes him wise in politics, And porter-house converse and tricks, In continental news and all That wisdom in a fool we callAnd though in himour or in peas.
Remember all they don't forget.
But there's a dabeter at the braw
Who, dabster-like, can beat them
This is the wife, or young, or old.
Who happy is when she can scale
She first attacks the open car.
Which has effect the house to cle
For husband, children, servants,
Alike despise to hear her brawl;
And then alone, devoid of shame;
And blabs so loud, so fast, so rud
As would bespeak a multitude.

But I wast on my course, and find
Some other thing to suit the mind.
And now appears a crippled man,
Legless entire below the pan
Of either knee—and wext a dwarf,
Surveying lab'rors on the wharf,
Who, when compar'd with him, appear
Like mammeth bones compar'd with
deer.

And now we listen to a talk
'That's warmly held upon the walk:
Says one—"if wood and butter rise,
I will find out where plenty lies,
Go there and buy, and then advance
'The price, and sell—for now's my chante,
Or proper time to speculate,
Whereby I may a fortune make."
"I'll be your partner," says his friend,
For Billy will a thousand lend,
And I can borrow more amon,
At least as soon as that is gotte;
Then, if I make enough, I'll pay—
If not, why then I'll rum away.

For all expect a penny's worth,
And to obtain it issue forth
Each morning of the passing year
But few obtain it white and clear
For fring'd with blue about the e
With water it would seem to wag
Determin'd war—besides, the bul
Of water equals that of milk—
Now this the people patient bear.
Nor know about the fraud, nor er
But next we meet a chimney-swe
Who in the street had been asleer
Enrob'd in rags, with sooty cap,
And issues from his mouth a clay

Themselves from chastisement, by oat Denying cold and hunger both. And next we look within a shop, To see the counter-jumper hop, To wait on madam Would-be Gay. Who wants a shawl, but cannot pay; And to excuse herself, she savs. "You cannot suit me any ways, But if you could, I then would make A rap at once, for I would take A shawl at eighten dollars, and Would pay the sum at your command. He takes it for a trade—and gives A watch at where the lady lives-And there he took the shawl, and tho' To get the eighteen dollars for't. Now e'er he leaves her he obtains Six dollars for his knavish pains. And now returns, with shawl in hand, To hear his master's just command: "Depart from my employ, be quick, For I'll not sanction such a trick." Now moving on, we first espy. The idler, and his conduct try;



But truth unvails his eas
We find, than nothing he
For here he borrows som
And gets in debt 'most e
But all he keeps wherew
Is treasur'd in what he ca
Now right about we turn
The conduct of you shav
Now broker call'd—he h
Of eastern bills—and wl
But Georgia gentry, to u
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They plead for even chan
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And, taking quite a deal of pains, Insults all those whom he disdains. E'en carefully asham'd is he Of all who wear less finery. Does one but ask him where he'll fi A workman of peculiar kind? He feels degraded, and will say, "Get out you rascal-get away." The Frenchman now, with tip-toe Gives us a chance to hear him talk Je hais decevour he went. Mais il me faut de l'argent! And then goes on again, and says, Sans argent, ami sans tu pais. But yet, methinks I should advise. That virtue in distress he prise: For I believe, a conscience clear Is worth two thousand pounds a yea But while on conscience I reflect. I must remark a certain sect Of christian folks, who, I've heard Keep home-made consciences to sell, Adapted to each circumstance, Or wealth, or want, or fate, or char And those at diff'rent prices too; And without price, may be, a few, To grace the poor-which, much I fear. Are worth ne pour un sous a year. But here are coasters-let us go And see what Yankee coasters do. These bring in wheat, potatoes, corn. Rve, barley, oats, and on each morn That they come in, have butter, cheese. Hens, turkeys, pigeons, ducks and geese: And when a cit says what's the price? Why, I don't know-don't poultry rise? They say, and then invite to see The quality of which they be. But some have wood-and for the best Have eighteen quarter dollars, just, For ev'ry load, and four of these Will make a cord-now if you please. A cord will eighteen dollars cost, And this eight weeks will keep out frost. The poor, like bears, therefore, must sleep.

And close in winter quarters keep,

For coasting trade should than But here a Dutchman comes—
A rod or two with him I'll go,
To hear him talk—and thus he
"Dere be so many city vays,
More as de farm has fences got
Dat I should not get out I tougl
In dis here life—and now I tink
I'll stop in dere and get some du
For I vas dry more as de fish—
Now dat dey've got some beer I
And now he stops, but I go on,
To see what's meant by "all th
And now I think on't, it must be

To show a nondrous seal and ke

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at there's a class of people, which ong since were poor, but now are rich, ith whom, to all their friends it's known

That slandering is "all the ton." These were comeatable before. By many folks who now are poor-And hence they now appear to think That it will be a golden link In chain of greatness, which they want, The poor man's character to haunt. Their object this-to let folks know. That with the poor they never go. But what think you of prince or king, Whose honor lies in slandering? Or what do you now think upon The merit that's in "all the ton." But here's a man of solemn look. Whose face is plain as any book. To read him in-and I conceive. His thoughts are nothing less than these: "Alone my conscience wanders clear. While horrors from without appear:



RAMBLES THROUGH

th harmless all my deeds have been ends oppose, and fiend-like mennothing wond'rous 'piniens grow, vil think, while none they know. poor, and yet set still, or write, s wond'rous scems in lab'ror's sight; ile envy crawls, they horrors feel, d say, none but the poor will steal, quaintance, neighbours, strangers, all ith vicious rage upon me fall, hile I. with confidence in God. end down submissive to the rod. hrist is my balm. he wounds to heal. Although none but the poor will steal. For such as filch my hard earn'd name: Both God and angels join to blame. While men accuse, God will acquit, I'he Spirit bears me proof of itl'hough men and devils all assail, trust in God they can't prevail. and yet behold what complex grief Assails, provoking God's relief-The boy a teazing is for bread, The girl for shoes, the wife for thread.

or cloth, meat, butter, sauce and wood nd each desire I grant is good: ut money fails, and friends you know. Then that's the case, directly go. 'I would work there's no employ. nd fortune smiles not to my joy, ut fates, if such wild things there be, s guardian angels are to mehey move my feet, and hands and hearf nd often strange reliefs impart. ow slander with her haggard face, nd circumstance that breeds disgraces ith all her aids, as envy, lust, .nd what of all the rest is worst. nagination, tool of pride. fith firm intent at onse to hide ach virtue that my heart can yield, emand possession of the fieldut arm'd with God I keep my ground, nd always am a conqu'ror found; or trouble tries the heart and hence. roduces joyous recompense." nd now while I have liesure got, ll tell the wond'rous pow'r of thought

Or, full as quick, descends to to Its horrors both to see and sme And hell's huge gates might electron it would yet return again. It can create, and can destroy, And never is without employ. It sets the wand'ring mind at car Or makes it wander, as you ple For it may be by you control'd And hide your secrets or unfold From fear to want, and want to 'T'will lead you in a half a breat Or from despair to honest worth And set more than your prospect.

While fools what thoughts they have rereal."

ow comes the politician wise. it you have heard his daily cries. ad know how he neglects his work. bout the porter-house to lurk. ow useful such may be you know, ence needless 'twere for one to go to the detail of his worth. r tell all that he bellows forth. or you have seen him in the streets. t night he often with you meets, id you know more of him, than I ave time to tell you, by the by; I'll go on to just suppose, hat ev'ry politician knows: Such times as these were ever known, or each man's int'rest is his own. nd no man cares to save his friend. save himself is all his end. ne ruler's must be slander'd down; nolov'd in this are fool and clown, nd sage, and knave, and churly wit, ie greatest lie the closest hit.

Ine multitude of motley fools, They use for timber, hands, and Their caucus meeting mischief Conceives and brings forth direst Which o'er the nation pending he While in our ears their thunders The vell of treason, ruin, death, They vomit forth at ev'ry breatl No matter when, or how, or whe To gain their views is all they or If self for once exalted be, Their cry is, "now the nation's; Ye many-headed monster, hear! Think you these wretches are si If so,-to ruin !- now's your day I'm sure vou cannet miss von

ice by themselves all passions warm, Cold passions all succinct: first with mild composure write. Then brighten my degreesre comes the place to show your might. And in this place you'll please. you would build a monument In honor of your fame, 1 truth and knowledge be attent. And shun the liar's shame: or written monuments outlast. All monuments of stone. they be not in virtue cast. 'Twere better to have none." nd now we see a poet young. 'ho has many a ditty sungnd here we'll sketch a thought of his. aught of such there be in this; evotions o'er my aching head laid upon a rustic bed, hen sleep stole softly on my sense. nd bore my drooping spirits hence; ut now I 'wake just to relate That thoughts on sleeping minds await--F 3

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Yea. I have heard a dreamer tell-What views he had of dreaded hell-Be calm, my reader, do not start. For dreams will pray on ev'ry hear While sleep in darkness binds the ch The fancy struts in open day, And with a vary'd hand she paints The portraits of our vain complaints Now first she pointed to my view. The fairest field I ever knew: For nature here had spent her art. Her worth and beauty to impart: The field as wide as eye could scan, Was green with grass, and seem'd a Of some rick lord, who had his hat, Which mark'd the centre of his lot. High built with jessemine and boughs,

With tier on tier in artiess rows,
And straight from thence, of doublength,

Wall'd in with class, for height.

Unequal'th by the cedar trees
Of asscient Lebanon, and these
All green and fresh, which night and day
Reselfindent shine, lead either way
Find these, each pay'd with silver ore,
And these others circular,
Whose pavements were of brass, a bar
Reselfine, then there a bar, all which

The third state of the form of a wall with the third state of the condition of the conditio

E'er I was satiate with joy,
Forgetting that I left the boy,
My fancy bore me to and fro
To nerve me for a scene of we;
Through groves and swamps, with
flight,

She bore me on the wings of might And seated me upon a shore Where constant surfs tremendous to Each wave a secret wish betray'd To drown me in the swell it made. And now we meet the buckish pri With gown peculiar, which, at h Bespeaks he is no common man, And knows less of the scripture; that His office would imply-else why Does he to mimic Aaron try? But as he will-it's not the gown That marks between the priest and clown. Yet charity compels to say, He knows the priest who hears him pray! For there is odds, methinks, a deal, 'Tween those who learn and those who feel.

And now the editor appears-

A change of politics he fears, And searches all about to find Which of his friends has chang'd his mind; And if he finds some three or four. Whose money scars the conscience o'er, Haye wheel'd about, he also wheels, And very sensibly he feels It is his duty-otherwise He never could obtain the prize. The loaves and fishes surely may . A trifle with the conscience weigh; And he may public good omit, Who finds a private benefit: For charity, some people say, Begins at home, and that she'll stay At home, when there, I little doubt, As I but rarely see her out. Now I'll a home-direction take. And there a closing speech will make; But as I go, will tell a tale About the watch-house and the jail: The first of all, I will preface The subject that we now embrace: A Bedlow girl, some time ago, Goes out of town a mile or so,

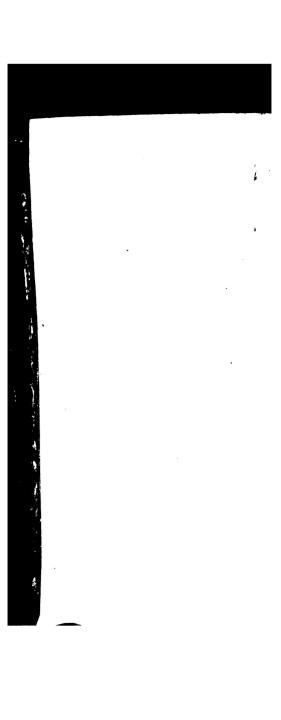
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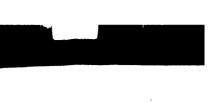
To cure some foul disease, and seeks A place to work for sev'ral weeks; 'Twas there she found a widow poor Who work'd, her living to procure, And got each month four dollars pa With now and then a heliday. Now when the weeks agreed upon, To purify, were fully gone, The Bedlow girl persuades to town The widow poor-and both come do The arguments persuasive were, That she could gut more wages here The girl had said the had a home," And if the widow would but come. She might put up with her, till she Some proper place to work could set Then takes her into Bedlow-street. Where num'rous bawds and sailors n And takes her clothes away and easl Which sure was treatment rather ra And sends her crying off to bed-But soon the watch came in, 'tis said And drove near twenty bawds to ja Some dress'd, and some in shimey's And drove the widew with the rest,

THE CITY.

st as she was, full half undress'd. id here away with false parade, or nails are now most useful made. ic widow was, on trial, clear'd, it all the rest their sentence heard, go to Bridewell, and remainone thirty days in dungeon pain. he widow, now, devoid of clothes, f money, hat, and even shoes, left a stranger in the park, esiring much to have the dark otect her from the scoffer's eve. nd blackguard of the stander-by: at feeling pressing hunger come, ic strives to find a passage home; nd by the way she stops to see she can meet with charity. nd as she seeks, she sobs and sights. epentance trickling from her eyes. hus, in a night she loses all hat she before her own could call. nd all by seeking after more; ut there have been her like before. 'en thousands have, through discontent heir little comfortables spent,

He can subsist, should always si Uncertain vanities and views, Whereby his all perhaps he'll le To be so poor is bad enough, For poverty is dreadful stuff, But yet contentment sweetens and lessens griefs that live upo Hence I, though poor, contents For Christ is all in all to me. Now if Jehovah is my friend, Think you they do themselves Who scorn my poverty and er, "Aha!" as I go ragged by? Which would you choose for king,





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